

Reset?

by Autumn R Rivers

Category: Undertale

Genre: Adventure, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Frisk, Sans, Toriel

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 07:21:12

Updated: 2016-04-26 03:09:40

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:22:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 4,422

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Every time you reaches the barrier, something goes wrong, and you find yourself back at the beginning. Every time. The lines that seperate realities blur, and suddenly your're more confused than you ever were. You just want to go home. Rated T for minor violence and because I'm paranoid.

## 1. Chapter 1

### **\*\*Chapter One\*\***

You stared at the door. It seemed to mock you, standing as tall and dark as it had every time before this one. You closed your eyes, steadying yourself for that last, deciding step. It would work this time. It had to work this time.

**\*\*Your friends waiting to exit the underground with you...it fills you with \_determination.\_\*\***

You let out the breath you hadn't realized you'd been holding, and stepped through the doorway for the twenty-seventh time. The world went white. You lifted one hand to shield your eyes against the sudden brightness. Only a few days in the underground, and you had already become unused to the sun. Had it really only been a few days? It felt so much longer.

You couldn't remember what your mother's voice sounded like.

For a moment, it almost felt like it worked. You heard your friends' footsteps behind you, and you thought you could glimpse a sunset through the blinding whiteness. But you could already feel it, the all-too-familiar tug on your soul, pulling you backwards, back to the beginning.

"No! Wait!" You felt tears streaming down your face, your little-used voice cracking.

It was too late. You were already falling.

You always managed to land differently every time. This time, it was your arm that bore the brunt of the fall. For a moment you thought you'd broken it, but the pain faded away as quickly as it had come. You were left with a headache, that only intensified as you eased yourself to your feet, though whether that was from the fall or the time travel, you didn't know.

\_I told you it wouldn't work. Why do you keep doing this?\_

You ignored the voice, brushing golden petals off of your shirt. Your opinion of the flower patch had significantly decreased since you'd learned of its history. No matter how many times you did it, standing on a grave was still icky.

You knew from experience that you couldn't stay here. Nothing would ever happen, no longer how long you sat waiting. Besides, your determination was driving you forward, so you entered the next room.

As always, Flowey was waiting for you. Once, you'd killed him. He hadn't bothered you in the next run, but it had left you with a sick feeling in your gut. You hadn't done it since.

'Frisk! Are you listening to me?' You hadn't even realised Flowey had been speaking, and now he was pouting. 'I'm trying to teach you how things work around here!'

You felt your soul being pulled from your body, and you found yourself confined inside what you had come to refer to as the 'battle screen'. Flowey was in front of you, instructing you on the various fighting terms, but you weren't listening. You already knew all of this, and you suspected he only explained it every time to annoy you. After all, he'd shown knowledge of the resets before.

You didn't bother dodging the 'friendliness pellets' when they came at you, no matter how fun it was to tease the easily-upset flower. You dropped to your hands and knees, as your HP was reduced to one. You had known it was coming, but the bullets never lost their sting. Vaguely, you were aware of Flowey mocking you for your ignorance. Luckily, he never talked for too long.

"\_\*\*DIE\*\*\_"

You smiled as the little white pellets surrounded you, knowing what came next. You reached out a hand to touch one, eager to hasten the encounter and move on. Relief replaced the pain as healing magic surrounded you and your HP refilled itself.

'What the-' Flowey's confused frown was funny, but you only had a few minutes to enjoy it, before the little flower was thrown aside.

'What a terrible creature, torturing such a poor, innocent youth.' A familiar form stepped into the light, her eyes soft and kind. She was already walking towards you, but you were faster.

You stumbled to your feet, and threw yourself at her, a sob hitching

your throat.

"My child, are you alright?" It was impossible to miss the confusion in her voice, but still she wrapped her arms around you, as you squeezed your own around her neck. That was what you loved about Toriel. No matter how many times you reset, or what kind of weird circumstances you met her under, she still loved you. The hug lasted longer than it might've normally, but not nearly as long as you wanted it to. But you had to let go, or the story would never progress. Still, you kept a firm grip on her hand and let her lead you away. You liked the way her hand felt on yours. You didn't think real goats were so soft, maybe she used conditioner. You'd never asked her.

Your trip through the ruins progressed as it normally did. You let Toriel help you with the early puzzles, and stopped to talk to every Froggit you could, even though you already knew what they would say. You did rush through a bit after Toriel left to run errands. You didn't want to walk around too much by yourself.

You lingered at her house a little longer than you needed to. You didn't want to fight her again, even though you knew Sans and Papyrus were waiting just on the other side of the door. You always hated the fights.

\_Would you just get it over with already? She'll be back later and you know it.\_

The voice always grew impatient when you spent too long in one spot.

So you did what you had to, nothing would progress if you didn't. It wasn't hard, you were getting really good at dodging Toriel's attacks by now, and you knew to keep sparing her until she stopped. The first time, you had killed her by accident, and even after that you had dawdled around trying to talk to her for far too long until you realized you didn't have to.

Again, you held the hug for a little too long. You wouldn't see her again until you got all the way to Asgore, and you always missed her. Gently, she pushed you away, and told you not to come back. That part always hurt, even though you knew she was just scared.

You told her, with your hands, that you were sorry. Though her paws were too big to make the shapes herself, Toriel always understood yours. All the monsters did, you'd never really thought to wonder why.

Toriel smiled down at you with sad eyes. Then she walked away without another word. You already knew that you couldn't chase after her. If you went upstairs, the house would be empty, and she wasn't anywhere in the ruins either. You could only assume that she went to the same place she'd done her errands earlier. The only way you could go was forward.

The first few moments in the cold always shocked you. It was lucky you had fallen in your sweater, or it would be worse. Still, you weren't really dressed for winter. You took a few steps forward, waiting to hear the familiar crunch of boots behind you, but they never came.

Instead, Sans was waiting for you just a few feet into the forest, leaned up against a tree. His posture was relaxed, but his expression was dark, and you could feel anger rolling off of him. You'd never seen him like this.

'Let's skip the intro this time kid. I've got a bone to pick with you.' The pun seemed to be habit more than anything else, as there was no humor in his voice.

You lifted your shaking hands, telling Sans that you didn't know what he meant. This was new, why was it new? You didn't know how to respond.

A flash of annoyance crossed his face. 'Hey, do me a favor and drop the mute act, alright? I know you've got a voice, and I'm not in the mood to play charades.' You noticed with alarm that the light in one eye had been colored an electric blue. The other was completely black.

'S-sans? I don't understand...' Your voice was rough from disuse. Why was he acting like this?

\*\*\*D.O.N.T.P.L.A.Y.D.U.M.B.W.I.T.H.M.E\*\*\* He lifted one hand, his blue eye glowing with unnatural power.

You were lifted in the air and suspended there, your view of the world suddenly filtered through the same blue color as his eye. You didn't have the breath to even gasp.

"Twenty-seven times frisk? Is this fun to you? Are you \_enjoying\_ this?" With a flick of his wrist, your gravity was changed, and you hurtled back towards the ruin door.

With a sickening crunch, you hit the uneven stone, and you felt something break. Whether it was the door or you, you couldn't tell, but your HP dropped to ten.

'Why can't you just let us\*\* go\*\*? Why do you keep bringing us \*\*back\*\*?' At the end of each sentence, he threw you against the door again, and your HP was depleted further.

Five HP.

Three HP.

Finally, he dropped you to the ground. You left a crimson stain where you landed you wondered why he stopped, then you heard the hurried boot-steps coming your way.

'BROTHER? IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT? I HEARD A STRANGE NOISE...ARE YOU FINALLY RECALIBRATING YOUR PUZZLES?'

Sans didn't want his brother to see, you could see it in his face.

'Sorry old lady...' He muttered, and you got the sense he wasn't talking to you. 'This is why I don't make promises.'

You barely even felt the bones pierce your body.

## 2. Chapter 2: Bad Dreams

You sat up, hand flying to your heaving chest where the ghosts of wounds lingered under your night-shirt. Where were you? Why was it so dark? Your legs and especially your feet were sticky with sweat, so you kicked off the stifling blanket. The cool air hit your bare skin, bringing up goosebumps and clearing your head. You turned in bed and dangled your legs off the side, taking a deep breath.

The door opened a crack, spilling light across the hardwood floor. You didn't have to look to see who it was, but you looked anyway. Somehow, no matter what time it was, he always knew when you'd had a nightmare.

"Hey kiddo, thought I heard you moving around here. S'alright if I come in?" His ever-present grin looked almost ominous, lit from behind by the hallway light. Or maybe you were still just shaken up. You hugged you arms at your side, trying hard not to remember the way he'd looked at you.

You heard him sigh. "...That bad, eh? You need some time alone?"

"No! I-I mean..." You really didn't want to sit here by yourself and wait for morning. You sure wouldn't be sleeping. "...Please don't go." You patted the mattress beside you hopefully.

Sans smiled, and shuffled over with his hands in his pockets, just like always. The bed groaned when he sat down, far enough away that you wondered if he could feel your unease. "You wanna tell me about it?"

You shook your head. How could you ever explain the dream when you didn't understand it yourself? How could you tell him how scared you were of him of all people? You might hurt his feelings, and you didn't want that.

"Yeah, I get it. How 'bout we talk about something else then? You looking forward to the first day of school?"

"Mm-hm." You swung your feet back and forth. If you stretched, you could just barely touch the tip of your toe to the floor. "I can't wait to see how MK does. I hope he fits in alright."

"Oh, I'm sure the other kids'll love him." Sans' smile had grown wider, and you could feel a pun coming on. "After all, he's **\*\*hands down\*\*** the best friend a person could have."

You had to suppress a smile. "That was mean."

Sans winked at you. "Yeah I know." He was keeping the atmosphere light for you, and you appreciated it. His eyes flickered to the alarm clock on your nightstand. It was flashing 12:04.

"Gee kiddo, it's pretty late, and you got a big day tomorrow. What say you get some shut-eye?" His voice was careful as he stood, and you could hear the question behind his words.

You stayed silent, ashamed to admit that you weren't ready to be alone. He got it anyway.

"Y'know, actually..." He looked around, a thoughtful almost-frown on his face. "It's kinda scary in here at night, isn't it? Tell ya what, how 'bout we go crash on the couch 'til pap comes down to yell at us?"

You grinned and hopped down off your bed, running over to hug him.

"Heh," He reached down to ruffle your hair. "You're welc-" He stiffened the second his fingers touched your head, and he stepped away to look you over at arms length. His smile had been softened by concern.

"Kid...Did you fall outta bed or something before I got in here?"

The worry in his face confused you. "I...I don't think so."

He rubbed his hand up and down your arm gently, like you were made of glass. "And you'd tell me if you were hurtin' anywhere, right?" His eyes never left yours.

You nodded, wondering what you'd done to put such a strange expression on his face.

He seemed satisfied by this answer, as his smile widened, and he held his arms out for another hug, which you accepted gratefully. From there he lifted you onto his shoulders, where you leaned on his skull for balance.

This by itself made you suspicious. Sans, unlike Papyrus, never carried you, no matter how many times you asked. What could've possibly made him act like this?

As you headed down the stairs (the ride was considerably bumpier than it might've been had you been with a gentler monster, but you didn't mind.), you checked your stats on a whim. You realised immediately why Sans had looked at you so strangely.

You were down one HP. When did that happen?

You weren't terribly worried about it. Accidents tended to happen around here, and you were always running into doorways or tripping over nothing. It was a little weird though, that you didn't remember it happening. Maybe you'd been sleep-walking. There was a first time for everything, after all.

You couldn't find the energy to be concerned at the moment, already nodding off. You felt warm, despite the fact that the heater was not turned up quite as high as it should've been. You knew that Sans would stay with you until morning, Papyrus was upstairs, and Toriel was just down the hall. Your weird little family would never leave you, or let anything happen to you. You were as safe as any child had ever been.

You fell asleep as Sans was tucking you in on the abnormally-large

couch, with the blankets that were down here just for this purpose.

### 3. Smells like butterscotch-cinnamon pie

**\*\*Seeing such a tidy house in the middle of the ruins...fills you with \*\*\*\*\_determination\_\*\***

**\*\*\*File load\*\***

"My child, are you alright? You have a very odd look on your face."

Toriel's quiet voice shook you into the present. Or was it the past? For having such an intimate relationship with timelines, you still didn't understand them. You told her that you were okay, using the familiar movements to hide the tremble in your hands. Knowing that Sans blamed you for the resets, and was willing to kill you over it... well, it unnerved you.

Of course, all of your friends have tried to kill you at some point, but this felt different. He really hated you.

Luckily, Toriel didn't know you as well as you knew her, and your answer appeased her. She reached down to grasp your hand gently in hers. Her grip on you steadied you, and anchored you in the present.

"Come along then, I have a surprise for you."

Entering Toriel's house was like being hugged by every mother in the world all at once. It was warm and safe, and right now it smelled of pie. Even as you stepped over the threshold, you felt an indescribable sense of relief.

"Do you smell that? Surprise! It is a cinnamon-butterscotch pie." Toriel grinned, glancing down to gauge your reaction. "I want you to like it here, so we will hold off on the snail pie for tonight. Here, I have another surprise for you."

The two of you walked down the hallway, until you came to a familiar door.

"This is it! A room of your own!" Toriel reached out to ruffle your hair, causing a feeling of warmth to blossom in your chest. You wanted her to stay, but after only a few seconds, she had to hurry off. The pie was burning again.

Pushing the door open, you breathed in the easy familiarity of the room. Everything was exactly like it was every time before this one, and you felt your worries ease, if only for a little bit. All at once, your exhaustion settled on you like fog, weighing you down and making your steps heavy. It was all you could do to turn the light off before you collapsed into bed, oblivion claiming you.

\* \* \*

><p>When you woke, the covers were carefully tucked around you, and the room was filled with the soft aroma of pie. You eased yourself

out of bed, and approached the slice. You knew that Asgore would go easy on you if you saved it, but today you just didn't care. You ate the pie, and felt your energy return.<p>

You tip-toed out into the living room, to find Toriel in her chair, a rather large book resting in her lap. It made you sad to think that every time you reset, she had to start over her progress through the snail facts.

\_You're so selfish, Frisk. You hold onto these people over and over again, even though you know you're going to hurt them in the end. No wonder Sans hates you.\_

You sighed, and Toriel looked up, her eyes lighting with recognition.

"Oh! Up already? I do hope you had a good rest, you did not look well earlier." The maternal edge in her voice almost made you cry. You could feel the tears pricking behind your eyes, threatening you.

\_It would be so easy. You could fix everything.\_

You knew that it was time to go, that nothing would ever happen if you stayed with Toriel. But you didn't want to go. You didn't want to do everything over again, just to end up on the flowers with a headache. And who ever said you had to?

"Did you need something my child?"

Without really realizing it, you found yourself shaking your head no.

"Oh, alright then. If you do happen to want something, do not be afraid to ask."

\_Don't be such a coward\_.

You ignored the voice, and you went back to bed.

\* \* \*

><p>As always, your dreams were invaded by restless, blurry memories that urged you to stay determined. You weren't listening this time.<p>

You let Toriel read you snail facts for hours, and spoke with the Froggits until they ran out of things to say. You even got a little Whimsum to tell you his name, after a little while of coaxing. You didn't feel pressured to keep going, walking towards the imaginary ending you thought was waiting. For the first time in several runs, you were happy.

It didn't last long.

You were sitting with Toriel by the fire, and she was reading to you from a very child-friendly version of the monster history. You could tell that something was bothering her, but you didn't dare ask.

Finally, just when you were thinking that you were imagining things,



that everything was going to be alright, Toriel let out a sigh and closed the book.

"My child, are you happy here?"

Confused by the question, you were quick to assure her that you were VERY happy here. Had you done something wrong?

Your answer did not seem to comfort the monster as much as it should have. "Frisk, you do not have to lie for me. I have noticed how tired and troubled you have been lately, though I admit I don't know why."

You quickly raised your hands to deny it, to tell her just how much you wanted to stay here with her, but she cut you off.

"It is alright. I have come to realize that maybe the ruins are not the best place to raise a child." She smiled, but you could tell it was only for your benefit.

You wanted so badly to tell her that she was wrong, to beg her to let you stay. Maybe if you went to bed enough times, something new would happen. Maybe you could have a home here. No more resets, no more saves. But you knew, probably better than anyone, that the story had to continue. So you didn't say anything.

Instead, you threw your arms around the monster you had come to call mother's neck and buried your face in her shoulder. You choked back a sob, and you felt her wrap her arms around you in return. Why was it that the things you loved the most were always temporary?

\_You're just going to hurt her\_.

The voice was mocking you, dripping in false sympathy. It didn't care about Toriel. It didn't care about you.

\_Why can't you just be brave, and do what you have to do? We've been through this twenty-seven times, do you really think twenty-eight is going to make a difference?\_

Carefully, you separated yourself from Toriel's embrace, unable to look at the pain you were causing. \_It's just like a band-aid\_, you told yourself, \_I have to do it quick\_. So you told her you were ready to go, focusing hard on the movements of your fingers so you wouldn't cry.

Understanding as always, Toriel stood immediately. You didn't miss the shake in her hand when she reached down to take yours, but you didn't comment on it.

You let her lead you out of the room and down the stairs, even though you already knew every step by heart. It seemed to take forever, and even your socked feet made noise in the silent corridor.

You could've asked for one more hug. Toriel would have more than gladly given you one. But... you didn't want to stretch it out, or give yourself another opportunity to back out. So you did little more than squeeze her hand more tightly in yours before letting go. It felt so final, even though you knew that if everything went well you'd be right back here in a few days.

\_You could save them from this, but you don't. It's not fair that you drag them behind you through all of your failures.\_

Something cold and hard in your other hand. Something you didn't remember picking up.

\_Don't be selfish, Frisk. She doesn't deserve this. You cause her pain over and over again just because you don't have the guts to set her free.\_

You tightened your grip on the knife, feeling the tiny pin-pricks of tears forming behind your eyes. So far, Toriel hadn't even noticed anything was wrong.

"...mom?" You used your voice, figuring she deserved it.

She turned to look at you, the kindest, most understanding smile you've seen on her face.

"Yes, my child?" If she was surprised by your speech, she didn't show it. Maybe she'd known all along.

"You should do everything you can for the people you care for, shouldn't you? Even if it hurts?"

"Frisk? Are you alright?" There it was, the crippling concern. It made your heart ache to know that you were the one who caused the strain in her voice.

\_Just do it. Everyone will be happier when it's done.\_

"I... I'm really sorry... mom."

\_Do it.\_

You took a deep, steadying breath, and you struck.

The cut was clean, a diagonal slice from shoulder to side that oozed a sickly electric goo you recognized as magic.

Toriel pressed her hand against the wound, dropping to her knees with wide eyes. You thought for a moment she would speak, but she didn't have to. The silence was screaming. For one endless second, she stared into your eyes, her face crumpling with untold pain and confusion.

Then, she fell. And as she fell, she disappeared, becoming instead a cloud of thick dust.

She was in the air. She was on your clothes. She was clinging to your skin and settling in your hair. She filled your lungs and your mouth, choking you. She grit between your teeth like sand.

You couldn't breath. You couldn't think. You could barely feel the rough stone beneath your palms. You didn't even remember falling.

\_There, that wasn't so hard was it?\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Sorry this chapter took so long to get out, I had to take a step back and reevaluate where this story was going. Thanks so much to everyone who's been taking the time to review, favorite, or follow, you really encourage me to do continue. Also thanks to my beta reader, for being so patient with me! I hope you guys like it, next chapter should be out soon, and we'll be back to the fluffy stuff. :)\*\*

End  
file.